Lear. Thou think'st tis much, that this crulentious storme
Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarse felt, thou would'st shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meete the beare it'h mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempest in my minde,
Doth from my sences take all feeling else,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will punish sure;
No I will weepe no more; in such a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kinde father
Whose franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnesse lies,
Let me shunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy selfe, seeke thy owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittilesse night,
How shall your house-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,
Your loopt and windowed raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take physicke pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heauens more iust.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, here's a spirit, helpe me, help me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirit, he sayes his name is poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw? come foorth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, through the sharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed & warme thee.

Lear. Hast thou giuen
come to this?

Edg. Who giues any
fiend hath led through fire
ore bog and quagmire, th
halters in his pue, set rats
of heart, to ride on a bay
es, to course his owne sha
Toms a cold, blesse thee fr
taking, do poore *Tom* som
there could I haue him no

Lear. What, his daught
Couldst thou saue nothin

Foole. Nay he reserued
med.

Lear. Now all the plagu
Hang fated ore mens fault

Kent. He hath no daugh

Lear. Death traitor, not
To such a lowne sse, but his
Is it the fashion that disca
Should haue thus little me
Iudicious punishment, tw
Begot those Pelicane daug

Edg Pilicock sate on pe

Foole. This cold night w

Edg. Take heed of the f
words iustly, sweare not,
set not thy sweet heart on

Lear. What hast thou b

Edg. A seruingman, pro
haire, wore gloues in my
and did the acte of darkne
spake words, and broke
that slept in the contriuing
ued I deepely, dice deare
Turke, false of heart, light

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